

The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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Telephone Lakeside 204. Publication Office, Saint Mary's College.

Address all business communications to
GEORGE GOOD, Business Manager

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR

LOUIS V. POMETTA - EDITOR
GEORGE B. PALMER - ASSISTANT EDITOR

EDITORIALS

ON HOME-COMING

WITH the thoughtful historian we might ask, "What good are dates without men to make them mean something?" In parallel, what good are university customs and traditions without the undivided participation of every one connected with that university? We refer particularly to the dimly-existing tradition of alumni home-coming. Each year in the month of June the Alumni Association stages a quiet little party of its own, and each year the same few men reappear to renew old acquaintances about the Brick Pile. Undoubtedly the event is a success, but the students and very many of the alumni hear nothing of it.

Recently we witnessed a spectacle at the College that was at once inspiring and practical. We have in mind the event of February 21, when the home-coming was held for the East Bay alumni and former students. Some five hundred people visited Saint Mary's to take part in the program of the day. It is difficult to tell who derived the more pleasure from the proceedings, the alumni and former students who returned or the students themselves.

Without the slightest bit of unnecessary sentiment the old faces were glad to roam the halls once again, to sit in the bleachers and watch an old-time Phoenix take a beating from the young bloods, to visit the chapel, and to eat once again in the dining room. And equally without sentiment of an uncalled-for degree, it was good to see the Brothers, who labor so incessantly for the education of the youth, welcome again the men who had been boys with them. And it was good to see the undergraduate students gazing with silence upon the venerable gray haired men who walked about. The thing made something real in their minds, out of something which they had hitherto read about in the alumni section of The Collegian. The event brought vividly to their minds the fact that Saint Mary's, in all her glory, has indeed a glorious history.

Events like that home-coming have a salutary effect on everybody. They benefit those who come, those who receive, and those who watch. More of the sort would contribute to a greater solidification of that Saint Mary's feeling which undoubtedly exists in scattered bits all over the state of California, and even all over the United States.

We should say, were it not quite useless, that a definite date be set each year by the Alumni Association for a home-coming day. And we

should further add two things: that this day be held during the active school term, and that the event be made a classic of the social year.

BASEBALL

FOR the season of spring we have athletic contributions in the form of track and baseball. Of the two, the most characteristic sport of the period is the latter. The languid days so conducive to spring fever are even more conducive to good baseball. The one necessitates the other in order to make a perfect "picture."

To date, the baseball team has played its preliminary schedule, with the semi-pro teams and squads of get-together professional players trying desperately to get into condition. Our Phoenix has shown its worth consistently and promises fair to make a good record in its schedule with collegiate teams.

Whatever the cards may say about football or basketball or track at Saint Mary's, there is always one red and blue ace—that is the Phoenix. It is not for nothing that our College is known throughout the United States for the baseball men it has produced; it is not for nothing that a berth on the Phoenix is sufficient recommendation for any young ball player to make his way. Saint Mary's is a baseball college, despite all the prattle about being a football leader, or about the sport of baseball not paying; those things might be true, but baseball traditionally ranks number one in Saint Mary's sporting calendar.

This season many colleges have dispensed with baseball teams. They do not pay, apparently, and consequently the grand old game of the United States is going the way of all impecunious wretches. The move is unfortunately a reaction from the great gate receipts collected at the autumn football contests, and it is further unfortunate in that it will tend to stifle baseball in schools and colleges, and make it increasingly hard for teams to fill adequate schedules.

But enthusiasm at Saint Mary's is not thwarted. With a record of countless state championships, and with a more recent record of four wins and one tie for the state title in the last five years, we have something to uphold. And uphold it we shall!

THE MASS AT SECOND HAND

FOR all the puny thoughts and sentiments that might be voiced in commendation of the advanced civilization of our modern age, of the strides which science has made, of the means and modes of twentieth century luxuriousness, there is one fact that remains as certainly clear as the fact that we are on the earth and not off the earth: that religion at second hand does not work, despite the demand superficially created for it by the contemporary mania for radio.

We do not criticize the radio—it is an excellent weapon to transport the news of spectacular murders, scandalous divorces, and the floundering of ships at sea; but there are things in this still-venerable world of ours that require something more than broadcasting through the air. The fault lies, not with the radio, but with the animal that uses the radio; he does not know when to stop. We say that we enjoy music over the radio; we enjoy it only in part, for broadcasted music appeals to only one sense, hearing. And it is true that the more senses employed in the acquisition of knowledge, the stronger and more useful will be the resulting impression. Lectures most often seem dry because we have not the handsome face of the speaker to distract us from the too-often mur-

dered discourses. Bed-time stories appeal to children—anything with a tinge of mysteriousness will. And the latest event on the worn-out schedule is the broadcasted Mass; or at least what the experts call a broadcasted Mass.

In reality, Mass through the radio is not Mass at all, because the only portions which the listener-in experiences are the audible portions; and Mass consists in much more than the words which the priest pronounces aloud. Again, the very heart of the Mass is the part where the priest takes the host between his fingers and proclaims the words of consecration "This is My Body." And when he says over the wine: "This is My Blood." And even though the reverent audience tries to assume a sanctified attitude amid all the leaking noises of the apparatus, yet they do not hear Mass.

The final criterion on this point is the requirement which the Church imposes for the hearing of Mass: one must assist in body as well as in soul, and though the radio will bring the tinkle of the bell and the solemn "Dominus Vobiscum," it does not bring the whole Mass. For the non-Catholics who think they are hearing the Catholic Mass, the whole show is a fearful sham, because they get nothing intelligible out of a few scattered portions, no matter how excellent those portion may be in themselves. They get an incomplete, if not an incorrect, notion of our holy Sacrifice, and we ourselves are presented with a well-intentioned bit of irreverence.

Who knows, the next thing some intellectual person might conceive will be to administer Holy Communion over the radio; or Baptism, or even Matrimony. But we think God would dash all the radio activity in His universe to annihilation before He would permit that!

ON QUARTERLY EXAMINATIONS

THOUGH we may hate them, or fear them, or abhor the thought of them, quarterly examinations have a thrill all their own. The greater part of the thrill is, of course, relative, depending on the outcome of the individual. But still there is a goodly element of absolute thrill attached also.

Good students have no trouble in securing commendable grades in their prepared work; the indifferent students say an extra decade of the Rosary and hope for the best; the pretense for a student might extend himself so much as to jam a little the night before the great event.

The results usually correspond to the efforts. The first man described starts another school session with a consolation of having done good work; the second floats a bit more and relapses into the same old habit ruts; the last man turns his eyes upward and his lips downward and goes grumbling on about the instructor, or the course, or the college—giving nothing and expecting much. For several weeks they all go about thinking no more of examinations, but soon again they begin to plan or fear, as the case may be, for the next persecution.

So it goes: an incessant cycle of put and take, an almost foolish procedure toward a definite goal. And after graduation? The young man is a bachelor of something or other and strives toward another goal; and another, and another, if he is worth something. He approaches other "examinations," though they may not appear every three months and though he may not be numerically graded for them.

That is the thrill of it all: the progress that is made. Man lives on activity; he develops on progression. And just as he loses himself in his work, or chases a laudable end for which to work, so will he be thrilled in the end by a real, fundamental happiness.

L. V. P.

STEVENSON THE ARTIST

FEW men in England have given as much toil and time to the development of their literary genius as Stevenson gave to his. The ideal toward which he ever gazed and toward which he was set on a mountain-side, and its requirements involved all the labors of a perilous ascent. To give as perfect an expression to his thoughts and emotions and never to flag and remain in a passive state required for his art a devotion which only a restless enthusiasm and an indomitable will power could have kept alive. "The standard is easily lowered," he wrote, "and the artist who says 'it will do' is on the downward path." "It will not do" is the expressive formula of Stevenson's ideal. If long years of imitation, of conning the dictionary, of learning the illusiveness of a sentence, the immortality of a phrase and the treasure trove in a single word, bestow the title of artist, Stevenson's claim to that title will meet with no opposition.

The English language with all its words, was something venerable to Stevenson; the respect that it required was something akin to that which we accord old age. The literary men before him had helped to mould it. He in no way tried to degrade it, but endeavored at all times to preserve his language in its high state. Seldom did he let modernism creep into his work. Stevenson well knew that art does not necessarily imply numerous sentences or phrases. A subtle charm of word collocation is often more impressive while still merely suggestive. A word has one or two meanings but when it is joined to others it has many possibilities and may carry much charm. Stevenson possessed this secret and the following sentences, the first from "Olall", the second from "A Chapter of Dreams", will show this:

"And in whose great eyes He had lighted up the torches of the soul", and, "Once more she lifted up to him a face brimming with information."

However this is not the only claim to a literary artist that Stevenson has. As one critic put it, "The substantial parts of his style, in fact, are not expressed in words; they take up their position somewhere between lines." It has been said that a critic would have much difficulty in producing a writer with a superior or even equal gift of suggestion. Herein seems to lie the artist touch of the master. The power to be able to reveal to the mental eye more than it could see in words. And at this Stevenson was a master. He was not an author who digested his thoughts for his reader.

The thoughts were first clearly conceived, then treated from that standpoint by which they might be the most easily and clearly and interestingly viewed and grasped by the reader. Through one thought we see many thoughts. Few intellects can fail to see and grasp them. The fact that Stevenson suggests so much becomes at length easy and natural to the reader. It is only when a sentence is taken from its context that we notice its suggestiveness.

Undoubtedly the introduction of thought produces a certain heaviness, a massiveness, a conciseness, in the style of Stevenson. As one critic put it, "to the student it is a heaviness of gold; to the ordinary reader it is the heaviness of silver or of lead."

Contrasted with this quality of massiveness, this fulness of detail and thought, is the strain of simplicity which is heard now softly, now loudly in his works. Stevenson's method was through his choice of words, which make some say he was too exacting, too philosophical. In spite of all criticism there is simplicity in his works and through reading him can we get this impression, for his style is distinctively Stevensonian.

There are appeals of two kinds to the senses: realistic and idealistic. Of modern writers none personify this better than Kipling, the realist; and Owen Meredith, the idealist. Stevenson did not follow one or the other. His was a middle course which enabled him to paint life with gruesome colors or to look upon it from the clouds above.

Stevenson was a greater writer. Of that we have no fear. Although his subjects were never surprising, the way in which he wrote them seemed to give them a new ease in life. To quote Reverend Robert A. Parsons: "His works have a dainty touch and the lasting polish of a classic; and beneath it all is a man of high sensibilities, of broad views and of lofty principles. He was a man with a boy's heart; he was moralist and adventurer; he could swing from the ridiculous to the gruesome with apparent ease; in good health he would dream away whole days; when ill and troubled with hemorrhages he could work with saint-like industry. Every man's view with him was worth considering; every man's feeling was inviolate. His personality was one that charmed without, at the same time, becoming familiar; and the style, through which we see the man, is a monument of his painstaking care and industry."

—CLARENCE LEAL, '28.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Darksome Night, thou Queen of Evil,
Mistress of the cursed Devil;
Frightful deeds do in thee travel,
Which no eyes of men unravel.

FOR of all sad words of tongue, or pen, the saddest are these: "It might have been," "Ah! yes," he sighed, letting fall the small volume into his lap, "it might have been". And with a vacant look his gaze sought the attic window, where the waning daylight lingered in a pallid glow. "It might have been".

Poor, old—; he was a kindly old man, but oh! so sad. His life held some great mystery; some vast regret. I recall now: It was a day late in autumn, nearly three years past, when he came to my house to live. At that time he was on a bench in the park, with the fallen leaves about his feet,—his body huddled together, hands loosely clasped, and head, hoary and bearded, bent forward upon his chest. As I viewed him, I fancied, "What a study he would make for a master!" A study indeed, of deserted old age, of abject poverty, and of sorrow. A chill breeze swept along the path, sending the leaves skipping and whirling about.

Above, a flock of wild geese were flying south but the old man remained motionless; fixed. Drawing near, I addressed him with as much friendliness as I could muster, for truly, the sight of him touched a soft spot in my heart. "Uncle", said I, "it's pretty cold out here, and it's growing dark. Hadn't you better come along with me and have some supper and a warm bed?" He raised his eyes slowly;—such eyes! Wide and blue, but how forlorn, how sad! He smiled faintly, almost imperceptibly, but made no reply. "Come", I insisted, and taking him by the arm, I led him away. Yes, I remember, "God bless you", was what he said as he arose.

As time went on, and he stayed with me, I found him to be a man of high culture, of ideals, and of noble intellect. But what inexorable melancholy obsessed him! At times I fancied he wished to tell me something, to unburden his soul to me, but then he would sink back into his chair, and a vacant gaze would come into his eyes. His words would cease to flow. It was not the passion of grief, which can loose itself in a torrent of tears and lamentations, nor the relentless anguish of remorse, that were his. A sorrow, deep and subtle,—insidious, held him in its grasp. Often I imagined it to be the morbid outgrowth of a disappointed love, or perhaps the fatal recollection of the shattered dreams of youth;—but no!

One bleak night, I sat in my study alone, half-religiously, half-absently perusing the sacred text of the Scriptures. Without, the winds shrieked and moaned through the tall cypresses in the garden, and the rain spent itself in torrents against the window-panes. A sense of security, and none the less of contentment came over me. The orange glow of the fire-place flickered in fantastic shapes across the ceiling, and from a darkened corner of the room came the low murmurings of a breeze which forced its way through the crevice beneath the door. By chance, my eyes fell upon these words: "And there are some sins which shall not be forgiven in this world, nor in the next!"

Suddenly I started,—I was sure that I heard footsteps on the staircase. Arising, I tiptoed into the corridor. All was dark; I could discern nothing. My heart beat faster. I was about to demand the street-door "click" as it shut. I hastened to the casement and on peering through the blinds, what was my amazement! There he was,—my old man, going out at that unseasonable hour into the elements.

Through curiosity, I bundled into my top-coat and hurried after him. The rain beat furiously, and it was bitter cold. On, on, he walked, I following, keeping carefully out of sight. Now, in a dazzling flash of lightning I could see him darkly silhouetted: his bent form leaning heavily upon a staff. I wanted to call to him, but I dared not. On, on, through the slums and past the uttermost outskirts I followed. At length he stopped. It was a desolate place;—the brink of a lofty precipice. Below, the tempestuous sea dashed itself against the rocks with a frightful roar. The wind, shrieking frantically in the torrent, and the thunder rumbling and crashing, now above, now in the distance, filled me with a horrible dread. I felt the strength of the powers of Darkness! Again the lightning flashed,—but where was the old man?

"Darkness, guard thy fatal prize,
Hide it well from mortal eyes;
Let not man's inquiring gaze,
Pierce the mystery of thy ways."

—M. A. AIKIN '29.

THE LIFE OF INA DONNA COOLBRITH

It is with reverent feeling that we approach the subject of Ina Coolbrith, whom Mark Twain rightly termed "the sweetest note in California literature." Yet she is rather unknown to the present generation, due to the fact that we do not honor the poet next-door.

She is the only living survivor of that famous coterie of celebrities, numbering Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Prentice Mulford, Joaquin Miller and others of lesser importance.

Undoubtedly the culture which is characteristic of Miss Coolbrith, is the product of her Puritan blood, for New England claims a share to her by right of ancestry. She, however, was born in Springfield, Illinois. Her father, a printer by trade, died shortly after her birth, and her mother moved to Saint Louis where she remarried. The lucky gentleman was William Pickett, also a printer, and a lawyer of no mean ability. A few years after their marriage he was seized with the "gold fever" and he brought his family to California. At first they resided in Marysville but Mr. Pickett was lured from his gold campaign by the San Francisco Bulletin.

Later the family moved to Los Angeles where Ina was educated. In her early grammar school period Miss Coolbrith showed inclinations toward poetry. This incident may be of interest. The school teacher asked Ina to write a composition and to bring it to class the next day. The youngster obeyed and presented the theme for approval. To the surprise of the teacher it was written in crude verse. When asked to make an account for her actions Miss Coolbrith quietly exclaimed "Please ma'am, it's easier."

Due to financial troubles, the family returned to the city by the Golden Gate. Miss Coolbrith shared the family burden by instructing the English students of a private San Francisco school.

She began writing poetry at this period in her life and the first to observe her genius was Charles H. Webb. He gave her a position on his paper the "Californian" which was later known as the "Argonaut". Before Webb died he paid this tribute to Miss Coolbrith: "What a dear good girl you were, Ina! The thought of you is like a bright star in my memory, forever."

Webb was succeeded by eminent Bret Harte who later became editor of the Overland Monthly. The latter sought the poems of Miss Coolbrith and the first verse to bring her notice in The Overland Monthly was, "In Blossom Time".

It's O, my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing—
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O Lark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear
And my soul shall sing with you.

The next idea which visited the mind of the poetess, a longing to visit England. When she really decided to take the journey, her sister died and Ina was left in charge of two motherless children. Miss Coolbrith did not grieve or fret over her misfortune but calmly wrote "Half divine is genius, but diviner sacrifice."

The new conditions necessitating a larger and more regular income, Miss Coolbrith took the place of librarian in the Oakland Public library, where she did all the work, billing, cataloging and even putting the books into the shelves.

For eighteen long years Miss Coolbrith labored at this work. It was here that she received her greatest inspirations, and it was here that she reached the height of her poetic career. She resigned from the position because of poor health and moved to San Francisco.

Miss Coolbrith was librarian of the Mercantile public library for a period of two years. She also held the same position at the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

Occasionally Miss Coolbrith wandered to other sections, but always returned to the city of her love to renew her allegiance. She is still living, residing in the city of San Francisco at ten-fifty Broadway, or as she calls it, "My beloved Russian Hill."

—JOHN MULLANY, '29.

Drama

I. R. McVAY

A PERFECT FAILURE

Our belief that "Angels" and "Butter and Egg" men really do exist was very pronounced after we had viewed "Passions". We think that if ever an occasion came up for one to explain how a drama shouldn't be written, "Passions" could be used as a horrible example. It is actually the "awfullest" (pardon the term) thing we ever saw or ever expect to see; to judge it as a professional production. Of course, it's very easy to cast disparaging remarks but this work shows such a woeful ignorance of dramatic technique that it is a wonder the Columbia Theatre would risk its reputation by permitting such things in the house.

We don't know what impulses actuated Alice Barney, the authoress, to write, but her scheme of things would improve very much if more attention were given to preparation by a study of the method of experts. The most interesting thing about the performance that I saw, was attempting to find the plot or even a logical reason for the progression of what went under the guise of action. The details that we managed to catch were painfully brief. A French modiste of rather freckled virtue, was attempting to get her daughter married into the modern French nobility by supplying a fundless mother and son with ready cash. On a young American girl, a model in the shop, this worthless son directs his covetous glance, but the

young lady properly repulses him for the love of his blind brother. The domineering Madam Estelle, the modiste shopowner, sends the poor innocent girl into the cool, cool air as the price of her virtue. Not satisfied, she furthers her "ruin" by accusing her of the theft of some lingerie, which she has successfully planted in the girl's apartment.

It took a long time for the plot to get even that far and we were gradually becoming conscious of a depression due to so many obvious flaws so we thought the best thing to do would be to find out if the air was still fresh outside.

Among the impressions carried away was that there ought to be a law "agin" such things. When plays have no reason for entrances and exits; when the characters aren't promptly identified; when characterization is only a dim reality; when the plot stops, hesitates and finally goes on to be interrupted for no reason whatever, one feels that to say the least they have been imposed upon. And when we heard such phrases as: "you won't ruin me"; "you know I am innocent"; "you won't drive me to a life of shame, Go! Go!," we recalled how much better Eddie Nelson does this in his burlesque of melodrama on the Orpheum Circuit.

—I. R. McVAY.

COMING PLAYS

Just now the Bay district is

experiencing a slight lull in its theatrical season, but the very immediate future holds much promise for the showgoers.

Among those whose presentation has been announced, is the much heralded "Rose-Marie", a musical drama on the type of "The Student Prince", which recently enjoyed a successful run in San Francisco.

Another splendid performance to be seen shortly is, George Bernard Shaw's "Saint John", with Julia Arthur as Joan. It will be presented at the Columbia Theatre, commencing March 1.

Shaw was in a different mood other than his desire to poke fun at personages and affairs, which attitude has characterized much of his recent work, when he wrote this play.

It is said he shows his genius as a writer of drama through the creation of emotional sweep in development that amounts to tremendous climaxes.

Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" is on its way to San Francisco direct from New York with the original cast intact.

One more production that recently held the interest of New York and which will find its way eventually to the Wilkes Theatre, is Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under The Elms". This will follow if the play can ever get by the city officials of Los Angeles, where it

is now being presented with much difficulty.

It has always been a wonder to us why O'Neill insists upon the development of morbid sex matters to sustain the interest of his plays and we wonder if the mere desire for stakes and returns prompts such work. Although his plays are good technically this indulgence in sex problems hasn't done him any good as far as the creation of anything of real literary value is concerned but rather the value lies only in so many numbers. That this tendency has hurt him is shown by his recent attempt to bring out a story of the sea which was pronounced a failure, being nowhere near the standard of his former work.

Henry Duffy is going to present an old time melodrama to San Francisco at his Alcazar Theatre. During his recent trip to New York he became disgusted with the filthiness of so many of that city's plays, finding the only one clean enough to meet his tastes was "Twelve Miles Out", a romantic melodrama. The story is modern, concerning bootleggers and hi-jackers and how law abiding citizens are sometimes drawn into their conspiracies. The effects are said to be unique and novel in the extreme and the fact that two of the three acts take place at sea gives opportunity for unusual scenic features.

—I. R. McVAY.

Books

ALBERT FARRELL

A SHORT LIFE OF CHRIST

By Rev. M. V. McDonough
(Benziger Brothers. N. Y. \$0.15)

If it were not for the excellent quality of this little volume by Father McDonough, entitled "A Short Life of Christ", one would be inclined to view a "short" life of Christ as a hopeless task. There is so much to cover, and what is more, there is so much worth while data to be presented in connection with the bearded Man of Nazareth that it requires a judicious eliminator to cast away the least pertinent matter.

But Father McDonough has done a splendid job. The little paper-bound two by four inch volume treats of the private life, the public life, the passion, and the farewell of Christ to earth. The separate paragraphs on the incidents in the life of Christ, each ranging around one hundred words, are so arranged as to give a composite of the topics presented to our Christian minds for meditation in the Rosary and in the Way of the Cross.

The facts are there; and there is brevity. One already familiar with the life of the Christ, finds it cleverly convenient to have them again presented in photographic style. The literary swerves are graceful, making the little history exceptionally readable. In fact, the short treatises could well be used as prayers. Certainly the writ-

ings on such subjects as the conception or the crucifixion are real prayers, and are a great consolation when placed alongside many of the stereotyped prayers that we find in most manuals. For an effective travelling of the Way of the Cross we heartily recommend this pamphlet.

STRANGE BUT INTERESTING

"The Professor's House"

By Willa Cather
(Alfred A. Knopf. 1925)

It is almost not a novel, certainly not a thesis, yet it is strange and interesting. Those who have read Willa Cather's works, especially her novel "A Lost Lady", will, however, by this time have become accustomed to her peculiar way of writing a novel. Throughout the book there is ever that strange atmosphere of something that never happens, something that will be explained and never is. And when the last page is perused and the book closed, the dominant question, "What is it all about?" continues to smoulder in the reader's mind.

The story, or to be exact, the narration is simply the recounting of some relatively unimportant incidents in a professor's life. Professor St. Peter, about whom the narration is drawn, married and raised a family. He has successfully managed to become indepen-

dent although he still continues to teach. His two daughters are married, one of them having inherited some money from certain patent rights of a dear friend of her father's, Tom Outland, who was killed in the war; while the other daughter lives in constant jealousy of her sister. The professor hates the petty quarrels and jealousies of his household, he is even bothered at times with his wife. Married life has not been what he had hoped for. He craves silence and study, and to get this he maintains his cold little study in a rented house near the campus, while his wife lives a few doors away in the home which he had recently built for her.

The second part of the book is given over to a narration dealing with Tom Outland. It is a story in itself and recounts the young man's life from his childhood and early life to the year that he left for the war. It is interesting, adventurous and even thrilling at times, but seems irrelevant to the rest of the book. For moments you are led to believe that the author thought more of the young Tom Outland, than she did of the professor, and consequently you are convinced that Outland will either turn up some place farther on, or will effect the trend of the story in some vital way; but he doesn't.

The third part of the book deals with the Professor St. Peter, while his fam-

ily is away in Paris. It is good in parts, but begins to slacken in its quality of interest. Just as the Professor is beginning to feel old, and is noticing a loss of interest in things, so the interest of the story falls to a lower plane, and when the book is finished, something is left in suspension, something is unsolved, and the surviving mood is one of incompleteness and disappointment.

But for all the faults of the book herein written down, nothing can detract from the fact that it is well written. Willa Cather seems to have a delicacy of touch and deftness with words and sentences that marks her a good writer. Portions, paragraphs, and sentences there are that glow with brilliancy, and for moments she says things that are real good. I am reminded of one passage which reads:

"Well, the habit of living with ideas grows on one, I suppose, just as inevitably as the more cheerful habit of living with various ladies. There is something to be said of both."

For those who have not yet read anything by Willa Cather, I would recommend this novel. Although the matter is somewhat incomplete, the work itself bespeaks highly of Willa Cather's artistic ability. She is a master of words, a literary painter of pictures, and a good companion for a dusky rainy afternoon.

—GEORGE B. PALMER, '26



LOUIS CONLAN, Editor

Sports



ELTON LAWLESS

SAINTS WIN SERIES

FROM BRONCOS

In a game that was not over-run with excitement, or thrilling to any great extent, the Saint Mary's basketball varsity managed to defeat Santa Clara in the first game of the annual basketball series by a score of 21-13. This marks the fourth consecutive year in which the Saints have won the initial contest of the series.

It was apparent from the start, that the Saints were decidedly off form, probably due to the two strenuous games at Reno. Santa Clara on the other hand had improved very much over their early season form, and were intent upon putting up a stiff game.

There was very little scoring done during the first half, due to the hard guarding on both sides, and the intermission found Santa Clara leading by the scant margin of one point, 7-6.

In the second half, the Saints succeeded in solving the Broncos' defense and found the bucket consistently enough to emerge winners. "Ink" Bill especially was right, and shot four baskets during this period, two of them being from difficult angles. "Flash" Lawless also had a good evening, being responsible for eight points. Lien was the outstanding defensive player on the court, and succeeded in breaking up the Santa Clara pass work time after time. Valine and Barsi carried the brunt of the Santa Clara attack.

The Box Score:

San. Clara.	fg.	ft.	tl.	St. Marys	fg.	ft.	tl.
Draper	0	0	0	Lawless	3	2	8
Valine	2	0	4	Tazer	2	1	5
Malley	0	1	1	Underhill	0	0	0
Loughery	1	0	2	Farrell	0	0	0
Barsi	1	2	4	Lien	0	0	0
Moore	1	0	2	Bill	4	0	8
				Linares	0	0	0

5 3 13 9 3 21

The second game of the series proved another win for Saint Mary's, 29-14. Defense and offense functioned properly and Eddie Tazer did his bit with 16 points. Lawless and Farrell played their last college game in bang-up style, while Lien, Underhill and Bill did excellent floor work.

The Saints led at half time, 15-10 and increased the lead in the second period. Santa Clara made only one basket and two free throws, bringing their total to 14 and placing them on the wrong side of the score.

The Phoenix is well stocked with pitchers this season, with Rooney, House, Meuter, and Collins ready to do the heavy work. The opposing batters will see plenty of sharp breaking curves, and dazzling speed, when they face these men.

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PHOENIX DEFEATS ALUMNI

With Brother Agnon throwing the first ball and Sid Snow behind the box to receive it the team composed of Alumni and former Saint Mary's students began battle with the Phoenix. Despite the fact that such stars as Harry Hooper, veteran of seventeen campaigns in the Big Show and Bookie Harrington, Ty Cobb's favorite son, both lent their ability; the best the Alumni could do was to gather in seven hits for two runs. On the other hand the Varsity did little better against Art Kardoza's superb pitching and were forced to content themselves with eight bingles and three tallies. The fans wanted to see Louie Guisto at first but, though present, the initial bag was guarded by Al Meuter. Danny Collins did the slab work for the Varsity and was later relieved by Leo Rooney. Both were effective and showed the fans that Madigan has little to worry about in regards to the mound work. After the game a get-together party was organized with Brother Agnon doing the honors.

The score:

	Runs	Hits	Errors
Saint Mary's Phoenix	3	8	2
Former Students & Al.	2	7	0

RED STRADER SIGNS
WITH CLEVELAND INDIANS

It has been officially announced that Red Strader, the greatest fullback ever to play under the colors of Saint Mary's and one of the best catchers ever to grace the Phoenix line-up has decided to enter professional baseball, and is signed to a contract with the Cleveland Indians. None other than our own Louis Guisto recommended Strader to Manager Tris Speaker of the Indians. Strader will report to the Indians some time this month, but will return to Saint Mary's in the fall, and complete his course of studies. Every one at Saint Mary's is confident that Strader will make good, because he possesses that determination that will carry him on in spite of everything.

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TRACK

Under the able direction of Coach Smithson, the track team is making great strides, in fact the successful way in which the sport has been conducted thus far has exceeded the expectations of even the most optimistic men on the campus. Each day between thirty-five and forty men are reporting for practice, and receiving instruction in the various events.

The Saint Mary's track athletes may not break any world records this year, and probably they will not triumph in any of the local meets, but one thing is certain, and that is, the sport will be put on a solid foundation, which is absolutely essential to the building of teams in the future. Track teams, like football teams cannot be moulded in one year, or two years, but the process is a gradual one and necessitates several years of hard and persistent work on the part of a coach.

In order to get some idea of what his men are capable of doing, Smithson has already held one interclass meet, and plans on holding several more in the future.

The result of the first day's competition is as follows:

85 yard dash: Smith, McIntyre, Rust.
Time—9:0.

175 yard dash: Smith; Biggs, Rooney,
tie. Time—19:0.

375 yard dash: Silveira, Biggs, Haberle.
Time—45:0.

One mile: Reinhard, de la Guardia,
McIntyre.

High hurdles: Greerty, de la Guardia.

100 yd. low hurdles: Greerty, de la
Guardia. Time 11:2.

High Jump: Scarlett, Biggs tie, Le
Sage. Height 5 ft. 8 in.

SAINTS TROUNCE

IGNATIANS 27—11

Continuing the pace they had set in the Cal Aggies series Saint Mary's varsity quintet waltzed away with the Saint Ignatius squad on February 12. The final score was 27-11. Jimmy Needles, Saint Ignatius coach, used every man on his squad; but all in vain. The Saints were just too good for him that night.

Eddie Tazer, heretofore a fairy-like forward, enacted the role of heart-breaker against the Ignatians in this second game. Before the game was three minutes old, he had made two pretty baskets from the center of the floor. These two alone were enough to quell the most ardent of the opponents; but the Saints were out for blood, they did not stop at this. Before the game was over they had gathered for themselves a sum total of 27 points; at the same time they held the Ignatians to but three field goals. Lawless and "Jockey" Farrell both played well for the Saints, although the work of the entire team as unit was perfect. O'Neil and Patridge were the Ignatians' best bet.

Saint Ignatius				Saint Mary's			
G.	F	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.	
Patridge	1	1	3	Lawless	3	2	8
Polati	0	0	0	Rooney	0	0	0
Wright	1	1	3	Tazer	4	2	10
Nieland	1	1	3	Linares	0	1	1
Cameron	0	1	1	Underhill	2	4	8
Morrison	0	1	1	Bill	0	0	0
Meyer	0	0	0	Lien	0	0	0
Glynn	0	0	0	Farrell	0	0	0

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Sports



GEORGE CLAUSE

SAINTS WIN TWO FROM NEVADA AND CINCH FAR WESTERN TITLE

Never in the history of basketball relations between Nevada and Saint Mary's, has a series been so closely contested, as the one this season that took place on the Nevada court. The Saints were fortunate enough to win both contests, and the Far Western title, but only after what seemed to be super-human effort.

In the first game, Nevada started off with a bang, and before the varsity fully realized what was taking place, had piled up a lead of ten points. At last Lawless found the basket for two points, but Nevada came right back with another, leading 12-2. It was after this that Lawless got uncanny, and by the time the half was over, he had made 13 points for Saint Mary's against Nevada's 18.

Tazer came back in the second half and shot two baskets in rapid succession and Lawless sank one. Nevada succeeded in getting one foul shot, and the score was tied at 19-19. Back and fourth the score went, first favoring Nevada, and then Saint Mary's,



ELTON LAWLESS

until there were but three minutes to go, and the Wolves were leading by one point, 23-22. Lawless finally succeeded in caging one, and Tazer came right back with another. Nevada got a free throw, and Lawless came back with another basket putting the game on ice, for there was only a minute left to play, and the Saints were leading by three points. After a terribly long minute the gun finally rang out, proclaiming the Saints winners, 28-25.

For Saint Mary's Lawless with twenty-two of the twenty-eight points was easily the star of the game. And it was the defensive work of Lien that kept the Wolves from scoring time after time. Fredricks was Nevada's mainstay, and it was only when he was eliminated from the game in the last few minutes of play on four personal fouls that the Saints were able to gain a commanding lead.

The second game was a repetition of the first, in so far as closeness, and thrills were concerned. Both teams were playing a closer defensive game than on the first night, and it was not until six and a half minutes were gone that Lawless broke the ice, and scored one for the Saints. Tazer

and Underhill each followed in with a basket, giving Saint Mary's a 6-0 lead. After ten minutes had elapsed, Nevada scored two baskets in rapid succession, due to some clever pass work. During the remainder of the half, the Wolves got one bucket, and the varsity got another basket and a free throw leading at the intermission, 9-6.

Nevada led the way in the second half, and it was not long before the score was tied at 10-10. Hard guarding continued to feature the contest, neither side getting a great many shots at the hoop. First Saint Mary's scored one, and broke the tie, but Nevada came right back with two baskets, leading 14-12, with but two minutes to go. Once again Lawless stepped into the breach, and shot a difficult basket, to even the score. The gun went off shortly after this with the score 14-14.

An extra five minute period was necessary to settle the game. The session began with a rush, and Saint Mary's found the basket twice in succession, while Nevada was only able to secure a free throw. Thus ended another great battle with the score 18-15, in favor of the Saints.

First Game

Nevada	fg.	ft.	tl.	St. Mary's	fg.	ft.	tl.
Goodale	3	0	6	Lawless	9	4	22
Bream	0	2	2	Tazer	3	0	6
Watson	4	1	9	Underhill	0	0	0
Fredericks	2	0	4	Farrell	0	0	0
Gover	2	0	4	Lien	0	0	0
Baily	0	0	0	Bill	0	0	0
Connolly	0	0	0	Linares	0	0	0
	11	3	25		12	4	28

Second Game

St. Mary's	fg.	ft.	tl.	Nevada	fg.	ft.	tl.
Lawless	3	1	7	Bream	1	0	2
Tazer	2	0	4	Watson	2	0	4
Underhill	3	0	6	Fredericks	1	0	2
Farrell	0	1	1	Clover	0	2	2
Rooney	0	0	0	Baily	0	0	0
Lien	0	0	0	Connolly	0	0	0
Linares	0	0	0				
	8	2	18		6	3	15

AMBROSE TAILORS VS. PHOENIX

The Phoenix was forced to battle an extra inning to defeat the strong Ambrose Tailors Team by the scanty margin of a 3 to 4 score. The game started with a bang. Cleary walked and Marriott connected with one of House's offerings for the full trip around the bags. Things looked bad until Kardoza singled and Bettencourt put the ball over the left field fence, tying the score. The Saints tallied again in the second to go into the lead, but the Tailors soon evened it again in the seventh when Rose crossed the plate on Viveros' sacrifice. The eighth ninth and tenth came and went for the Tailors without increasing their batting averages while the Saints on three consecutive hits by Biggs, Kardoza and Gardiner, pushed over the winning run.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Saint Mary's	4	10	1
Tailors	3	4	1

Batteries House, Meuter, O'Rourke, Farrell, Reppy, Keller, Gillespie, and Macdonald, Wales.

SAINT MARY'S 26—Y. M. I. 23.

"The team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten." This is the story of the Varsity's victory over the Young Men's Institute Club of San Francisco. Upsetting the odds that had been placed at almost three to one against them, the Saints gained a well-earned victory over the Instituturs. The winner was not determined until the stop-watch ticked off the final second. Saint Mary's triumphed 26-23.

The game was one of the most hectic of the season. Baskets by Underhill, Lawless and Tazer in the beginning of the game secured a substantial lead for the Saints. Then a small chunky Institute forward, Ernie Bailey by name, stepped to the front and scored enough baskets by his uncanny one-handed shooting to even up the total. From this point on the battle waged fastly and furiously. However the Saints were able to hold a small advantage through almost the entire game.

Underhill played one of the best games of his career against the Y. M. I. At all times "Jimmy" was in there playing the ball and playing it hard. "Houdini" also showed the Instituturs a few tricks in the art of shooting; he garnered a total of eleven points for himself.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR MARCH

- March 3.—Ambrose Tailors
—at Saint Mary's
- 6.—M. J. B.
—at Saint Mary's
- 7.—Olympic Club
—at Saint Mary's
- 9.—Santa Clara
—at Santa Clara
- 13.—California
—at California
- 14.—Olympic Club
—at Saint Mary's
- 20.—Santa Clara
—at Saint Mary's
- 21.—Open
- 23.—California
—at California
- 27.—California
—at California

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STEINDORFF TO PRESENT "STABAT MATER" FOR SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

Saint Mary's College, in preparation for Holy Week, presents the great lyrical oratorio, the "Stabat Mater" written by Rossini in 1832. In this mammoth production Paul Steindorff who has directed the famous work for a number of years in this locality will employ upwards of 200 voices recruited from the ranks of the Wednesday Morning Choral, the Oakland Community Chorus and several trained choirs from Oakland Churches.

The English translation of the incomparable "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" which will appear on the program was secured for Mr. Steindorff by the late William Dallam Armes upon the occasion of the first performance of the "Stabat Mater" in this locality in 1911 within the setting of the Greek Theater, Berkeley.

The music with its graceful melodic charm, in turn interprets the Virgin's lamentations in such manner that countless thousands go every year to hear the work wherever it may be sung to feel again the agony of "the afflicted mother weeping, near the Cross her station keeping."

Berthe Andre, soprano will sing "Inflamatus"; Mme. Irene La Noir, contralto, in the duet "Quis est Homo"; Hugh J. Williams, tenor, renders "Cujus Animam"; Albert Gillette, Basso, bass aria, "Pro Peccatis".

A double quartette of prominent church soloists have volunteered their services for other selections in conjunction with the chorus and orchestra.

Oakland is fortunate to be chosen this season for the rendition of the "Stabat Mater," and it is hoped that all those who love this masterful musical production will fill the Oakland Auditorium Arena to overflowing on Sunday Afternoon, March 14.

"THE TREE OF KERIOTH" A new play by Brother Leo

The Spirit of Holy Week

In the presentation of "The Tree of Kerioth" the Student Players of Saint Mary's College are acting in harmony with a tradition dating from the early Middle Ages when plays based upon the Passion of Our Lord were fostered by the Church as aids to devotion. Saint Mary's College is creating a cycle of Passiontide plays to be presented annually toward the end of Lent. Last year the offering was "For All the World," an adaption by two faculty members, James L. Hagerty, M. A. and Louis F. LeFevre, M. A. Previously the Student Players had interpreted Brother Leo's Good Friday drama, "Ecce Homo." These Passiontide performances have secured the hearty approval of Archbishop Hanna and the generous cooperation of drama lovers in the Bay district.

The Traitor's Tragedy

"The Tree of Kerioth" is a reverent application of modern psychology to one of the figures of the Passions of Christ. Jude Iscariot, the Apostle who betrayed his Master, is the leading character in this new drama; but, though the portrayal of him conforms to the facts set forth in the Gospels, it is far removed from the conventional caricature of popular tradition. Judas is generally represented as a shaggy, sinister figure—sometimes even as a semi-paralytic—unaccountably and incredibly wicked and ungrateful, consumed by evil desires and insatiable hatred of the Holy One.

The Jude depicted in "The Tree of Kerioth" is a credible human being, a man who goes wrong, who errs grievously, but whose decline from the high ideals of his youth is shown to be understandable and even in a sense inevitable. Common sense ought to show us that any man chosen by our Lord to be one of the Twelve Apostles could not have been utterly bad and unprincipled from the beginning. In this new drama Brother Leo discloses

Jude declining from a youth of radiant promise to the blackness of self-admitted failure. To see this play is to learn the wisdom of hating sin and loving the sinner, of realizing that a good beginning is not all the battle, of recognizing that there is a potential Judas in every human heart.

AL WESTLAKE TO COACH

Al Westlake, peppery captain of the 1925 Phoenix has been named coach of the baseball team at the Christian Brothers School in Sacramento and was a real cog in last year's varsity and was one of the most valuable and consistent hitters on the team. With the wealth of material that has reported for practice, he should produce a winning team and it is needless to say if his players imitate his fighting spirit the ball team will enjoy a successful season.

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BROTHER LEO ADDRESSES THE SCIENCE CLUB

Brother Z. Leo, L. H. D., addressed the first public seminar meeting of the Saint Mary's Science Club Tuesday, February 23. The subject of his discourse was "The Scientific Spirit" and the spacious Physics Laboratory was crowded until standing room only was available.

Brother Leo, in his characteristic manner, made his lecture particularly appropriate to the occasion by especially stressing the ends which an organization of this nature should have in view. Particularly interesting was his retrospect in scientific history, in which the audience was reminded of the spirit which prompted Pasteur, Mendel, Galileo, Torricelli, and other pioneers in scientific discovery to labor in quiet peacefulness for laws and principles. They were content with the satisfaction derived from the knowledge that truth was their goal. They did not labor to have their deeds heralded throughout the land. They labored in a spirit of true science. The lecturer's final advice to the club was that the members develop a spirit which is truly scientific and to discountenance any advance toward a spirit of vulgar publicity and other pseudo standards of scientific success.

MORE POWER!

The graveyard scene from "Hamlet" was a rare occasion of mirth in the Senior expression class last Saturday and some of the most ingenious improvements on Shakespeare imaginable were presented. The enthusiastic Seniors infused numerous individual interpretations in the lines and it resulted in one of the seasons most entertaining performances.

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EAST BAY FORMER STUDENTS MEET AT COLLEGE

In response to the appeal made to some 750 former Saint Mary's students residing in the East Bay district, a gathering of about five hundred came to the College on the afternoon of February 21 to take active part in the program for the day, and in the definite organization of the East Bay Branch of the Alumni and Former Students.

The program of events consisted of a baseball game between the Phoenix and former Saint Mary's ball stars, a general get-together sponsored by the committee in charge, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the College Chapel, and a banquet.

The Baseball game was preceded by an introduction of the visiting players, and the opening ceremony conducted by Brother Agnon, who threw the first ball of the game, and Edward C. Rice of the class of 1902, who caught it. The game itself was good baseball, interesting throughout, and notable for the men who took part. The outcome favored the Phoenix, 3-2.

By means of a systematic tagging, whereby each former student wore a paper with his name written on it, and by means of the indispensable functioning of Brother Agnon, the after-game convention was jolly. The old boys were more than glad to get back to the Old Brick Pile, and there was more than one old timer gazing sheepishly about the corridors and into secluded spots that were not there in times past.

Following Benediction in the chapel, the body convened to elect officers and to officially organize the new association. The formal name agreed on is, "East Bay Branch of Alumni and Former Students of Saint Mary's College." The officers placed on duty are: Edward C. Rice, '02, president;

Bion B. Huff, '99, vice-president; Herbert C. Copp, '25, secretary-treasurer.

The purposes and ideals of the new organization were discussed. The idea of the body is principally to form an active East Bay branch of the alumni association, whereby both alumni and former students might be kept in more intimate connection with the College; and whereby the old boys might renew old acquaintances and make new ones among the sons of the College. The secondary purpose of the association is to aid the Brothers in their work of educating the youth, both by recommending students and athletes, and by subscribing to the pledge of \$100,000 made some time ago by the East Bay branch of the Alumni and Former Students association.

At the banquet Mr. Edward M. McGlade, of the class of 1916, acted as toastmaster. The list of speakers included: Brothers Joseph, Gregory, Agnon and Leo; and Messrs. B. Huff, E. Rice, F. Atwill, K. Wales, T. Kelley, T. Canty, and H. Copp.

To the so-called and so-constituted Committee of Thirty, headed most prominently by Tom Kelley and Tim Canty, goes undivided appreciation of the Brothers, of the former students, and of the present students as well. Truly, their work has accomplished a lot of good for all the parties in particular, and for the College in general. The event of February 21 has done something big for Saint Mary's, in recalling the interest of our scattered students, and it has established a sort of home-coming tradition which will prove greatly beneficial.

From all view points, the home-coming of the East Bay students was welcomed with hearty accord. Without reserve, the occasion was an unqualified success.

S. S. S. SOCIETY REORGANIZED

The first meeting of the reorganized S. S. S. society was held in the Engineer's club room February 15. At this meeting the club's officers were elected and a series of club articles were determined. The purpose of the club will be to promote interest in scientific activities pertaining to engineering.

The society was discontinued in 1923 along with the School of Engineering. However, when the club was active it instilled interest not only in its members but offered also interesting and instructive activities to the College in general. The present members of the club intend to create interest in Engineering activities upon the campus and to establish an acquaintance among former Saint Mary's B. S. C. E. graduates and present members of the club.

Officers of the society are John J. Crowley, president, William Page, vice-president; H. L. Burt, secretary; and Joseph Bold, sergeant-at-arms. New

FATHER LEWIS TO GIVE RETREAT

In keeping with the custom of each spring, a student retreat will be held on March 10-13, in the College chapel. The Reverend Reginald Lewis, O. P. will conduct the service.

Father Lewis is not unknown to the older students of the College, for he has given several retreats at Saint Mary's within the last several years. He is a pleasing personality, an able speaker and a keen thinker. Along with these qualities he has a sense of humor that always wins the hearts of his young men audiences. His sermons always proved to be popular and interesting, at the same time fulfilling the more solemn purpose of the retreat. Those who know Father Lewis will look forward with interest to the coming retreat, however improbable that may sound.

members of the club are J. Bold, H. Burt, J. Crowley, N. Flood, H. Meuter, W. Page, W. Reinhard, and W. Treacy.

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HIGH SCHOOL

PREPS DEFEAT SANTA CLARA

In a thrilling close contest, the Saint Mary's Preps defeated the Santa Clara Preps on February 19 by the score of 18-14. The game was marked by close guarding on the part of the Saint Mary's team, as they held their ancient rivals to one field goal and one foul goal in the first half, while they scored ten points.

In the second half the Red and Blue players were unable to find the basket with any degree of frequency. Santa Clara put on a burst of speed and almost tied the score. It was at this point that the game became very interesting with the score 14-13 in Saint Mary's favor and with but two minutes to go the Preps came to life and made two baskets in rapid order. Santa Clara was able to secure but one foul goal so the game ended with Saint Mary's on the right side of 18-14 score.

The game was not featured by any individual high scores or the like. H. Noonan however showed to advantage in both basket shooting and floor work. He scored seven points which gave him high point honors of the game.

HIGH SCHOOL STARTS TICKET CAMPAIGN

On Thursday, February 25 the High School officially opened its ticket campaign for the "Stabat Mater" concert which will be given in the Oakland Auditorium on Sunday, March 14.

So far the students have acquired that interest which is necessary for all campaigns and it goes without a doubt that each class will go above its quota. For a cause of this kind the students should feel that they are working for the success of a production which is characteristic to the Lenten season. The success of this production is up to the students themselves and without the cooperation of each and every student in the sale of tickets the expectation cannot be realized. Don't wait for the other fellow do YOUR share.

YOUNG SAINTS START BASEBALL PRACTICE

The Saint Mary's Preps started their baseball practice on February 24th. Sixty new prospects presented themselves on the diamond and of these aspirants Coach Joe O'Neil and his assistant "Curly" Gardiner should have no difficulty in developing an undefeated nine. The young Saints have five veterans of last year's unofficial state championship team. They are Bud Soto, "Port" Silva, Sam Illia, Lou Kalich and Bob Yore.

Although the Preps have lost such stars as Joe Cunningham, Jack O'Keefe, Cowboy Smith and Joe Lydon it is certain that there will be found men just as capable and as valuable to the Preps.

The Saints are gifted with two of the best baseball coaches in this vicinity. Mr. O'Neil as we all know has made his reputation as a capable coach and it might be said that his assistant "Curly" Gardiner is captain of the 1926 Saint Mary's Phoenix.

TRACK

For the first time in the history of Saint Mary's High there is being organized a track team. Great enthusiasm is being upheld by the members of the High School which should undoubtedly help to make a successful team. Forrest Smithson who now coaches the varsity is devoting part of his time to the High School aspirants.

Up to date two track meets have

been scheduled. One with Berkeley High who holds a high position in the C. I. F. and another with Oakland High who fares well in the O. A. L. If the Saint Mary's Preps prove that they can compete with its rivals it can be assured that the Preps track team will receive due recognition.

THE MARVELOUS BOY

Around the year 1761 Horace Walpole held forth as one of the foremost writers and critics in England. He received special allowance from some nobleman enabling him to devote his time exclusively to the work of writing. Walpole had influence and money enough to be rather independent from the rest of his fellow workers. Consequently, some of the writers less favored than he, sent their manuscripts to him, asking for a little help in using his influence with the booksellers of London. One of these writers was a young man from Bristol, Thomas Chatterton. He sent some of his poems to Walpole—under the name of Thomas Rowley, whose writings Chatterton claimed to have unearthed. Walpole recognizing the merit of the work, praised it and asked for more samples. Chatterton complied—until Walpole learned of the deception. Saying that a person who would forge a poem was no better than one who forges a note, Walpole refused further to have anything to do with young Chatterton. Walpole forgot, however that to publish the book "Oranto" he adopted the same guise.

Chatterton's sensitive nature, extremely hurt, gave vent to its emotions in a bitter reply:

Walpole, I thought not I should ever see

As mean a heart as thine
hath proved to be;

Thou, who in luxury nurst, behold'st
with scorn

The boy, who friendless, fatherless,
forlorn,

Asks thy high favor. Thou
may'st call me cheat.

Say, didst thou thou never practise
such deceit?

Who wrote "Oranto"?

Some years later Chatterton went to London to seek his fortune. As he walked the streets of that city, his imagination was stirred—at times it seemed to keep his very body alive, especially near the last days of his life; and he kept looking forward to the time when his work should merit its reward. For had not his mother said that God was just and that all comes to him who waits? But how that Ideal, which had first seemed so clear, was to take on a hazy appearance, and later to crumble altogether—Chatterton was to learn.

A youth of scarcely seventeen summers disillusioned—half starving, but with that gnawing truth ever upmost in his mind—the thought of what he might have been contrasted with the thought of what he now was. Wasn't it too much, God, to ask of a mere boy—too much to hope that he would arise even after so many failures!

Alone in his small room that last night what were his thoughts? Did Chatterton hate all men because of the way the London booksellers had treated him? Was he doubting the Providence of God—that even the One whom his mother had said never forsook us, had forgotten him? Or, as the effects of the poison made itself felt, did he say, "Gee, but isn't it great to leave this world!"

The only manner in which The Mar-

ALUMNI

MRS. MARGARET SULLIVAN

Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, the mother of Eugene and Patrick (Brother Raymond) Sullivan died in San Francisco February 12. Both Brother Raymond and Eugene attended Saint Mary's College.

TIM CANTY—TOM KELLEY

Timothy J. Canty '23, and Thomas F. Kelley '24, were the instigators of the movement to form the Alumni and Former Students Association which was organized February 21. Their good work has done much to bring about the new organization. Other men that devoted a great deal of time and energy to the formation of the new society are Edward Rice '02, William P. Rodden '16, Bion B. Huff '99, and Roy C. Okerman.

ANDREW HARRINGTON

"Bookie" Harrington will leave for the east sometime this week to join the

Toronto Club. "Bookie," through his good showing last year has probably convinced the Detroit Club that he would be a valuable man on the Detroit line-up this year.

HARRY HOOPER

Harry Hooper, '07, participated in the Alumni game on February 21. Mr. Hooper was delighted to return to the College to talk over Hits and Errors with Brother Agnon.

EDWARD RICE & HERBERT COPP

Edward Rice, '02, was elected president of the East Bay Former Students and Alumni Society. Herbert Copp, '24, was elected to the office of Secretary-Treasurer.

EDWARD MCGLADE

Edward McGlade, '16, not only acted as chairman of the East Bay Former Students reunion, but he also was the recipient of many congratulations. On that day he became a very proud father.

velous Boy could express his thoughts were in writing, and we close this work with the copy of his last poem, written just before his death.

Farewell, Bristolia's dingy pile of brick,

Lovers of Mammon, worshippers
of Trick!

Ye spurned the boy who gave you
antique lays,

And paid for learning with your
empty praise.

Farewell, ye guzzling, aldermanic
fools,

By nature fitted for Corruption's
tools!

I go to where celestial anthems
swell;

But you, when you depart, will
sink to Hell.

Farewell, my Mother!—cease, my
anguished soul,

Nor let Distraction's billow o'er
me roll!—

Have mercy, Heaven! when here I
cease to live,

And this last act of wretchedness
forgive!

August 28, 1770.

T. C.

—HAROLD F. DOBBINS, Ac. '27.

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